

SONGS, AIRS, &c.

IN THE

Maid the Mistress,

A

BURLETTA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

IN

COVENT - GARDEN.

L O N D O N :

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Uberto, - - - - - Mr. REINHOLD.

Vespone, - - - - - Mr. EDWIN.

Serpilla, - - - - - Signora SESTINI.

Old Woman, - - - - - Mr. BANNISTER.

N. B. The Songs are as translated from
the original *Italian*.

A I R.—*Serpilla.*

NO, never, never a girl you'll see
Half so honest, Sir, as me;
Try me, in my breast you'll find
Love and Charity combin'd.
Ask, Sir, those that know me well,
They'll confirm the truths I tell.

A I R.—*Vespone.*

Oh what the devil would yo do, Sir?
Thus reward me,
What! discard me,
Your true friend and servant too Sir,

Girls, I can get you twenty tits
Of coming maids,
Not pert young jades,
I'll bring your worship dainty bits;

You

SONGS, AIRS, &c.
IN THE
MAID THE MISTRESS.

ACT I.

AIR.—*Uberto,*

IN tedious expectation
So long to wait
In bed, for mere vexation
No sleep I get.
For ever I am slaving,
No gains I make,
Is such a life worth having?
My heart will surely break.

AIR.

[9]

You may touzle
And mouzle
And mouzle
And touzle

Kind creatures!

Gay bloom of opening roses,
Sweet breath of fragrant posies,
With leering
And fleering,
Sly smirking,
Quick jirking,

So arch all.

Egad, Sir, when love's drum
Beats come, come,
Brisk thumping,
Then jumping,
Or hopping,
None stopping,
Age pacing,
Youth racing,

We march all,

B

A I R.

A I R.—*Uberto.*

In contradiction you delight;
If I say black, you will say white;
Come up, go down,
'Tis red, 'tis brown.
I tell you, friend,
It soon must end.
What's your opinion? Must I then bear it?
No, Sir, no!

A I R.—*Serpilla.*

My fractious, peevish, pettish master,
Your anger will breed some disaster.
Here you must quite silent stand,
Nor dare to speak; 'tis my command.

A I R.

A I R.—*Uberto.*

Go, find me a woman,
If ever so common,
Or ugly and old,
A drunkard and scold;
Her teeth grown black,
A hump on her back;
To change this life,
I'll make her my wife.

Petulant vermin,
This I determine.
Hence you shall go;
Mark, I tell you so.

D U E T T.—*Serpilla, Uberto.*

Serp. By those cunning, artful eyes,
Your thoughts, your will I guess,
For though the one denies,
The other answers yes.

Uber. Mistress vixen, you're mistaken ;
Too high you fly.

My eyes do both say no,
And you shall find it so.

Serp. Come be kind,
Change your mind ;
Know my merit,
I have spirit.
View me well, behold in me
What is true gentility,
An air, a mien, like beauty's queen.

Uber. She has really such address,
I'm afraid she'll have success.

Serp. I believe he is consenting,
I believe he is relenting,
Come, my dear Sir.

Uber. Away, faucy creature.

Serp. My heart is firmly fix'd, you see,
Resolve, dear Sir, to marry me.

Uber. When from confusion,
When from delusion,
Shall I be
Once set free ?

A C T II.

A I R.—*Old Woman.*

PRAY what d'ye make of me, or what d'ye
intend to do?

Don't think to use me thus.

A gentlewoman of my distinction should have
obedience ever paid her.

Ha, what say you?

Pray hold your tongue, Sir, you've said enough.

A I R.—*Serpilla.*

Do you think by this to vex me,

Or that it will much affect me?

No, no, no, no such thing will ever be.

As for you, my Lady Touchy,

Pray do'nt take these airs upon you,

Left from hence I send you packing.

Hence away, be quick, away,

Pretty

Pretty bridegroom, charming bride,
I approve it.—A noble match.
Go to bed, you crazy blockhead,
'Tis too late to think of love.

A I R.—*Old Woman.*

When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah, why did I ever say no!
Now the swains, tho' I court them all fly me;
I sigh, but no lovers come nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe,
Ah, why did I ever say no!

D U E T T.—*Serpilla, Uberta.*

Serp. And are you thus contented
To see me pine and languish?
Will not my tears affect you?
Will they not move your pity?

Ubert.

- Uber.* I am, I am contented
To see you pine and languish.
Your tears will not affect me,
They will not move my pity.
- Serp.* Oh, heav'ns! what pain I feel!
Alas! how beats my heart; I languish,
faint, and die.
- Uber.* I feel my heart is yielding:
Alas! I cannot hold my tears.
- Serp.* No, no, 'tis death must part us.
- Uber.* Ay, ay, 'tis death must part us.
- Serp.* To satisfy your malice, I am resolv'd to
die:
Depend upon it I will.
- Uber.* With all my heart, destroy thyself.
- Serp.* In yonder well I will.
- Uber.* Good speed to you, go drown yourself.
- Serp.* These hands shall do my business, I'll
shoot, I'll stab myself.
- Uber.* You spend your time in chattering;
Away, away, go stab thyself.
- Serp.* Oh, heav'ns! my heart, how can you
be so cruel!
- Uber.* Destroy thyself, be gone, I'll hear no
more,

A I R.

A I R.—*Serpilla.*

When a thought of me returns, Sir,
My unhappy lot you'll mourn, Sir.
 With a sigh,
 Then you'll cry,
Ah poor girl! yes, she
Once was dear to me.
Surely he will yield at last;
I think I have the gudgeon fast.
If my conduct has offended,
Forgive me, Sir, 'twas not intended,
By contrition 'tis amended.
I'm sure he will not long withstand,
By the squeezing of my hand.

SONG.

S O N G.—*Uberto.*

I am confus'd I feel,
 Something disturbs my mind,
 What it is I cannot tell,
 To love or to pity inclin'd.
 To caution me
 I hear it say,
 Uberto, now think well.

A I R.—*Serpilla.*

Dear old man, fond looks bestowing,
 Generous love, thy soul expand;
 Smiles return, sweet smiles are owing,
 Gently clasp my lily hand.
 Why so coy, my grey Philander?
 Cease to ponder,
 Hymen lights the torch of joy.
 Grey Philander,
 Cease to ponder,
 Why so nice, ah why so coy?
 Turn and view me,
 Briskly woo me,
 Now's your time for love and joy.

S O N G.—*Vespone.*

Behold a valiant hero,
 Beat the drum
 And I come,
 Row de row de row.
 What wou'd I not dare-o;
 Gads my life,
 Whistle fife,
 Tweddle tweedle twer-o,
 Row de row de row,
 Nothing do I fear-o.
 Laurel crown'd,
 Trumpet found,
 Ran tan tan tuero,
 Tweddle twiddle, &c.
 See the scars I bear-o.
 Muskets roar
 In uproar,
 Rat tat tat a tar-o,
 Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop,
 Tweedle, &c.
 Love brings up the rear-o.
 Lasses cry
 For you I die,
 My life, my foul, my dear-o.
 Tweedle tweedle, &c.

DUETT.

D U E T T.—*Serpillo, Vespone.*

- Serp.* Of my care, my true obedience
Think, and surely you'll comply ;
- Vesp.* Naught shall shield him from my ven-
geance
Should he venture to deny.
- Serp.* From a rage so fierce, so fatal,
What can save you? who defend ?
- Vesp.* Woman cease this idle prattle,
Thus let me the contest end.
To see you thus slighted,
My fury's excited,
My rage I'll no longer restrain ;
Let me but come near him,
To pieces I'll tear him,
Revenge will be sweeter than gain.
-

A I R.—*Serpilla.*

Tho' you're cunning, cautious, wary,
Yet more skilful I shall prove,
Men so old as you to marry,
You can't sure pretend to love.

T R I O.

TRIO.—*Serpilla, Uberto, and Vespone.*

For you, within my bosom,
Is Cupid's hammer beating,
Which every moment strikes.

For you, within my bosom,
Is Cupid's tabor beating,
Which every moment drums.

Hark! how it thumps.

'Tis very true.

Now listen to the drum—hark!

'Tis very true,

But what can all this mean?

I don't know.

I don't know.

Ah Berti,

Ah Gypsey

You may guess what it means.



THE END.